CANDOUR

The Britons
Views-Letter
Founded by
A.K. Chesterton MC
in 1953

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

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ESCAPE FROM THE POLITICAL 'GHETTO':

East London Rights for Whites 1990-94 Part 3 (of 4)

By Steve Smith

People Like Us *Deserve* to Win!

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REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY November 14th 2021 RAISING THE STANDARD

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Also 2 page *Extra!* for
Candour subscribers only

Editorial: Colin Todd

Welcome to #879

I hope you had a good Christmas or Yuletide and that 2022 is a successful and safe year for you all.

Here we present Part 3 of Stephen Smith's ***East London Rights for Whites 1990-94*** of course. Our ideas for the book of the combined series with much added, new, material are on the simmer. Please see the subscribers *Extra!* for more information.

Our Way in *Our* World

The internet and all such 'gadgetry' means of communication, which our enemies can switch off at anytime, will always be regarded by your Editor as ancillary to the printed *Candour* and our books.

Just as our enemies are 'guiding' (forcing) us into a *cashless* society or a world of cars without petrol (or even drivers!) with a, mostly, blind acceptance of their Global Warming mantras and Covid pandemic pharma cons so we are battered with the idea that the only way is 'online'.

The printed word however is proving to be frustratingly persistent. The petrol will be used to burn all of the books and publications that may offer real history or offer resistance to the NEW NORMAL. Anything that may provide 'alternative' views or information. ***Samizdat****

Read Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451°* or reread it. Also Orwell's *1984* which I revisit every few years. The probation officer of a couple of years ago, Rebecca, who was trying to supervise me under the Orwellian and alien *PREVENT* system had never heard of George Orwell or *1984*. Around thirty. Smug, entitled, white, been to 'Uni', presumably scraped a degree in something useless and completely TAPS as we used to say in the Royal Navy. Thick as Pig S**t. I digress. Or do I?

I am telling you that we have an advantage in instinct, intelligence and knowledge. That counts for something.

I have faced the charge by some that I am too negative at times. Guilty as charged. In this issue I offer everyone the opportunity to do something or too help others to work.

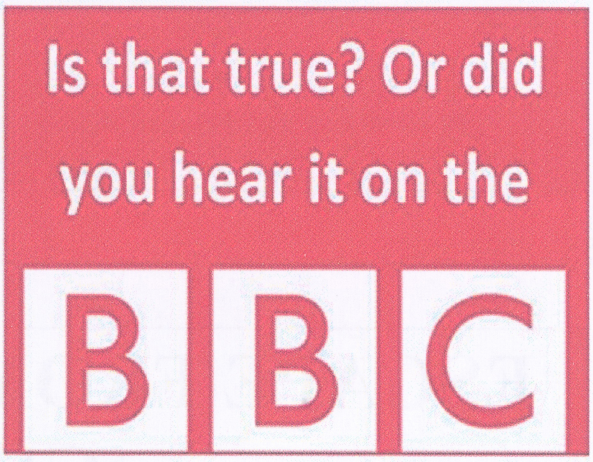
As planned by our enemies the demographics work against us. By **2066**** we Britons will be a minority in our own Islands. Note the significance of the year. 1,000 years since King Harold fell on the Hill of Blood called Senlac.

***SAMIZDAT.** (Here I salute our fallen comrade Ernst Zundel) is something that all racial nationalists must not only understand but be capable of implementing as individuals. **Noun: the clandestine copying and distribution of literature banned by the state, especially formerly in the communist countries of eastern Europe.**
"a samizdat newsletter"

****2066** As I have indicated a year of momentous change? Maybe. But which way? A target for we and our successors to aim at! **More on this to come. *Our extinction or Victory after 1,000 years!***

The *B*latant *B*ias *C*orporation

first lied to us on
November 14th 1922.
They have not taken a day off since!

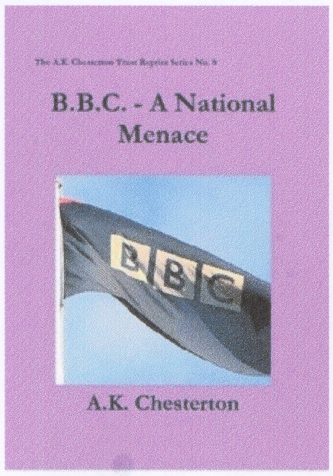


We can all work to make this a very unhappy centenary for the marxist liberal *BBC* and ally ourselves to the general assault on this once unassailable monolithic anti-Briton outfit.

If you think that it is impossible think again. The *BBC* is very vulnerable. Their licence is hated. Many people understand that it is a sewer pumping out what sewers do. Their bias is not even sneaky anymore. We, as radical nationalists, need to flex our often underused mental and physical muscles. The above artwork with the slogan "***Is that true? Or did you hear it on the BB**C*", origins unknown, is already becoming very popular. We must make it more so.

You can make your own mini stickers using your laptop and printer. You have the means to produce your own propaganda in your hands. Take the idea and have business cards printed with the above logo. Put the *Candour* website address on the back. Send us samples. Or send us £50.00 and we will have 1,000 printed to distribute through our *Candour* network.

Just as he massively influenced the anti-Common Market debate, which through the process of gradualisation became the European Union, AK Chesterton was also way ahead of the game when it came to the anti-***B**ritish **B**roadcasting **C**orporation.*



Our guide and mentor A.K. Chesterton MC

2021 was a strong year for *Candour* because *we* were strong together

People Like Us *Deserve* To WIN

By Stephen Smith

Stephen Smith
Born Bethnal Green, East London, 1965.
All the following positions were in Tower Hamlets.
National Front 1980-86
Asst. Branch Organiser -1983, Elections Officer 1983-4,
Branch Secretary 1984-86.
BNP 1986-1994
Asst. Branch Organiser 1990-92
Branch Organiser 1992-93

NOTE: When I first suggested to Colin Todd, Editor of *Candour*, my idea of writing an account of our *East London Rights for Whites* I initially assumed that one big article covering the 4 years would suffice. However the more I started doing research the more I realised it couldn't be covered in one piece. The Editor suggested three parts, which was agreed. Again the sheer amount of material required resulted ultimately in the series becoming four parts.
This has resulted in the delay of important elements of the account. What I have left out, so far, due to time and space factors were the outcomes of the attacks on John Stoner/Terry Swinney. They will feature in Part 4. Also, wonderful though the Internet is, parts of it can be a 'Memory Hole' when it comes to obtaining accurate information on historic legal matters!

Stephen Smith.

"This series of articles are about genuine, active, principled *British Nationalism* (& *White resistance*). The BNP of old. Please do not join/fund the 'existing' BNP which is just a website (& parasite organism) that merely collects donations/legacies. Leeching off the previous efforts of others. Do not waste your time and money on them.
That BNP is dead!"

Stephen Smith

You may ask why use the above title? Which people? Deserve what? I used that heading to emphasise an inner-feeling. Part psychological but also something that goes beyond mere mental deduction - a feeling that goes to the hidden depths of the human soul, sometimes defying rational analysis. The people in question are the Whites of these North Sea Islands and in particular the White Working-Class. As a British Nationalist I believe in national unity and have no desire to promote class warfare. For every deracinated middle-class liberal cosmopolitan there is a middle-class cultural conservative who privately despises contemporary Britain and the ongoing relentless decline and destruction of our country.

Over the decades idealistic middle-class people have repeatedly defected from the stagnant, impotent world of British "Conservatism' and enthusiastically joined and actually particpatd in the Nationalist Movement. In the vast majority of cases (probably 99%) such good people would have joined the old NF or the BNP.

Unfortunately many (too many) decent, intelligent , Nationalist orientated middle-class people have realised that they have too much at stake (profession, family, social status) to risk involvement and association with a movement, that the MSM falsely portrays as an aberration – the lunatic fringe on the margins of British politics. Who can blame them. British Nationalism despite possessing principles/policies almost universally popular with the majority of the British people has a long and disappointing record of political failure. We have never approached our real political potential. The selfish element is in most of us to one degree or another. Would you risk all to join a business that's doomed to failure? Or visit a nightclub where violence takes place every week? There is little we can do about MSM lies but as a movement there is plenty we can do to make us a viable option for political power and influence. This also includes learning from the terrible strategic errors of the last 50 years!

Ultimately we need to create a political vehicle, with the guidance of experienced, veteran Nationalists that really appeals to large sections of the White population – this is being realistic.

Blue-Collar Political Foundations

The fact is, certainly since the 1970s, the majority of British Nationalists have been working-class, in particular urban White Working-Class. They are our basic foundations. Especially White families who are the former denizens of London, Birmingham, Leicester, Leeds and so on, who have escaped the inner-cities and understand from harsh, bitter experience what the problem is. Similar in some ways to the *Pieds-Noirs* of France who fled Algeria in the 1960s and have generally provided solid support for the Front National in the south of that country.

Dispossessed, derided and dismissed the urban (and post-urban) White Working-Class, in particular White Working-Class boys, are regarded with smug, amused contempt and indifference by the System and the media. Often the 'Blue-Collar' Whites are a frequent source of feeble humour for liberal-left (and ethnic) 'comedians'. Some of the best of our people are regarded as a cheap source of laughter for trendy cosmopolitans. Think 'Alf Garnet' and, old Etonian, Al Murray's 'pub landlord' act.

The instinctive patriotism, feelings of community, family, traditions – the undoubted martial courage and ground-level racial consciousness means that these ordinary Whites are hated by death-wish liberals and cultural Marxists. This isn't Ivory Tower theorising. Our movement (especially now) should appreciate that the first layer of our power winning machine must be based on this particular social group/constituency, in particular the youth of said group which under present conditions has virtually zero prospects in contemporary Britain.

There are two very old articles concerning the subjects I have raised here. Worth reading. Going back decades but their essential message is still relevant. Both from now defunct *Spearhead* magazine - "*NF Won't Be Built On Middle-Class Foundations*" by Martin Webster (May/June 1979) and "*Graduates' Gowns Or Hobnail Boots*" by John Tyndall (October 1991).

Culture Shock – Plight of the White Working-Class

Once solid foundations have been created for a new successful Nationalist movement, other social groups and classes will join. The first layer though, ordinary working folk, is our initial source of political strength. This portion of the population has suffered more from liberal instigated mass immigration/multi-racialism, from the late 60s onwards, than any other White grouping in Britain. Feelings of loss and betrayal are more acute, more intense. I feel this culture shock myself: my home town of Bethnal Green, East London is somewhere I cannot relate to anymore. Apart from the remaining Whites being a diminishing minority an additional insult is 'Gentrification' by trendy liberals, who have spent decades in Tower Hamlets working towards this, their utopia, Time Out Magazine's perfect world.

I can understand why certain ethnic groups came to Britain and East London in particular for material improvement. I don't hate them for taking the obvious step to enhance their families' lives. Regarding mass immigration my anger is directed towards the British political establishment who not only allowed (and greatly assisted) this to happen but did so without our consent!

A few times in recent years I have walked past my old primary school in Bethnal Green, East London. When I was there early to mid-1970s there were only a few immigrants in the playground who, incidentally, suffered minimal (usual verbal) hostility. Now it's the complete reverse. Maybe at most a dozen White kids out of a school population of 300+. it is almost as if I along with my old mates, never really went to that school. No visual memory connection. A fiction. A past that never existed. We never existed as little White boys and girls, playing and laughing in that school playground in the 70s. A school built of solid London brick by our late-Victorian ancestors. I say all this because 50 years later, viewing the scenes I have presented – there is hardly anyone at that school now who can remind us of the White children we once were.....

So back to the title of this third segment of ***East London Rights for Whites***; People like us do deserve to win and for once in this part of London we did! In September 1993 in Millwall Ward in the London Boro' of Tower Hamlets. That fantastic political victory is covered at the end of this article.

"There is no greater sorrow on earth than the loss of one's native land" - Euripides.

Transition: 70s Tactics – 90s Optimism

1993, saw, for Britain's premier Nationalist party (BNP) the last of the old style street activities: marches, demos, public election meetings. The end of January 1993 saw several hundred Nationalists and Loyalists protest against the annual 'Bloody Sunday' march organised in London by Irish Republicans. The I.R.A. had been involved in various bombings on the UK mainland in the early 1990s. Before we could form as a solid counter-demo group the police swooped on around 250 of us and temporarily held us on an assortment of coaches at different points in London at a distance from the pro - I.R.A. march. Most of those detained were held for around 4 hours. Interesting. A sign of gradually increasing state repression.

In late - April we held another anti - I.R.A. activity in central London which also coincided with St. George's Day. We planned to march from Victoria Station, London. It would have been a great turn out that day if everybody could have got there! Police monitoring and intelligence had resulted in BNP members/supporters from Scotland, the north, midlands etc having their vehicles stopped at different places going into central London thus preventing them going on the march. This was a BNP national activity the state wanted to disrupt.

Despite this we still had 300-350 people from London and the Home Counties in one place. We set off with an impressive flag party and a small drum corps. Touch of 70s deja vu. However as we progressed through Pimlico district of S.W. London not far from the River Thames the Metropolitan Police decided to completely stop our march and disperse our people. We had only been marching for around 30 minutes. They had decided there and then to ban it. It had all ended on a rather feeble note but there was little we could do. The police had considerable numbers, about half of what we had. The whole thing was a disappointing waste of time. This type of activity didn't work anymore. A thing of the past.

We drifted off to the pubs whilst noticing something, something I found relatively new: Policemen with unwieldy cameras filming us individually and collectively. Apparently the cameras could zoom in on particular human faces. Naturally the technology is far more sophisticated now! No crimes committed yet we were being recorded on to video. Intrusive surveillance. Another ominous sign.

In the early part of 1993 Tower Hamlets BNP held a regional rally/meeting in a large pub in Poplar, East London. Attendance was around the 90 mark with fine speeches from JT and Richard Edmonds. We were definitely recovering ground lost since 1979.

Tower Hamlets BNP still maintained its routine political work. The excellent team of Eddy Butler, myself, Derek Beackon, Ken Walsh and the rest of our expanding unit. We conducted regular canvassing and leafleting which at this stage were in our 2 target wards of Millwall (obviously) and Holy Trinity, Bethnal Green. There was a well established paper round in Bethnal Green that we created in the 1980s which involved regular sales of party publications *British Nationalist* and *Spearhead* magazine.

More importantly, Eddy Butler and myself had originally created in November 1992 a new and ever increasing literature sales round on the Isle of Dogs. We began this due to the success of the first Millwall by-election. We went back a month after polling day and worked systematically through a list of definite supporters. Within months the paper round of staunch BNP supporters was nearly 200. In one ward!

Bearing in mind the 20% of the vote we obtained on the Island in the autumn of 1992 our political eyes were firmly fixed on the May 1994 local elections. We showed we had the serious potential to win a seat.

Municipal Devolution

There was an added bonus if we could perhaps win 3 seats in one area. The local Lib Dems (who had controlled Tower Hamlets since 1986) had created devolved government in the borough. They still maintained central control at the town hall but each of the 7 neighbourhoods the area was divided into was controlled by the party in that zone that had most seats. For instance Millwall neighbourhood was controlled by Labour who could implement their own policies locally and had a mini-budget as well.

Thus in this part of Greater London (somewhat uniquely) 3 - 4 seats in one neighbourhood would give that party its own mini-council to run!

The Lib Dems put this into place not long after they won power in Tower Hamlets in 1986. The policy was to devolve power away from a heavily centralised town hall (something which Labour always seemed to adore!). Between 1986-1994 routine political functions were carried out through this new neighbourhood system.

It is actually quite a good idea and Nationalists should generally support the concept of the decentralisation of political and economic power. Centralised power, globally and within nations always leads to tyranny and the socio-economic slavery that sustains it. These twin evils have always had a symbiotic relationship.

Decentralisation/devolved leadership should also be practised within British Nationalist political parties.

Watford Meeting/Welling Riot

On Saturday 1st May 1993 we held a public election meeting near Watford, Hertfordshire. We had a BNP candidate in the spring elections in that county. The activity went off with minimal problems despite a small impotent Anti-Nazi League demo. We polled 4.5% which for that area at the time was reasonable. Moreover it helped create the local branch. There had been no serious Nationalist activity in south Herts since the early 1980s.

The 3 events I have just briefly described – the 2 anti-I.R.A. activities (demo & march) and the Watford public meeting although enjoyable for Nationalists to partake in had become by the mid-90s politically pointless. It was often the case that the outside world, potential recruits and the electorate weren't aware of these activities and if the MSM reported them it was always 99% negative. The old format; march, demo, public election meeting had become futile, non-productive.

A Day in the BNP Bookshop

There was however another taste of 70s style confrontation. Though it had nothing to do with us. The BNP's Welling (Kent) bookshop run with considerable courage by Richard Edmonds had been a regular target for left-wing/ethnic demonstrations since December 1989 when it first opened. Saturday 8th May saw another anti - BNP bookshop demo which contained a considerable number of ethnic minorities, mainly a heavy contingent from the Afro-Caribbean communities of S.E. London. Around 2,500-3,000 protestors intended not merely to march past the shop but also hold a static demo outside the front of the building.

Some of us mainly from East and S.E. London decided to assist with the protection of the shop and keep Richard Edmonds company. As expected it was to be a lively afternoon!

All in all there were 13 of us in total in the shop. Things were relatively peaceful at first – the first wave of demonstrators chanting the usual inane left-wing nonsense. Then the atmosphere changed. A group of 10-12 police riot squad officers positioned themselves in front of the building and another 6 or so in similar attire positioned themselves at the back of the shop. Notwithstanding past and present Nationalist criticism of the Metropolitan Police – the riot officers did their job with efficiency and courage as the mob outside turned nasty and surged towards the front of the BNP building. As our opponents couldn't physically enter the building (which many of them clearly wanted to do!) and do harm to us and trash the shop they contented themselves with throwing every available object at the front and roof of the shop and also subjected to this bombardment were the unfortunate riot officers. All manner of objects; bricks, stones, bottles, bits of wood, paving slabs and of course Anti-Nazi League 'lollipop' protest sticks! Basically anything they could lay their hands on was hurled with fury at our building coupled with a semi-regular chorus of "Burn it down".

This bombardment went on for over an hour – the police still holding the line and trying to move the demonstration on while periodically carrying out arrests. Meanwhile we sat inside the shop chatting, reading and trying to find ways to pass the time, obviously we couldn't go outside. Richard Edmonds found the whole thing mildly amusing. He sat in the kitchen part of the building, stretched out with tea and biscuits reading the Times historical atlas of the world. Even though he permanently lived there, he wasn't concerned by the outside events.

Richard's attitude was that the protestors would soon get bored with us and find some other form of entertainment. Eventually they did. Cars overturned, smashed windows (commercial and residential) and looting the high street with the police trying to control the mob.

When we eventually opened the front door of the shop, the road was saturated in broken glass, building debris and scattered around ANL 'lollipop' sticks. These type of anti- BNP

activities by our street opponents proved that they clearly saw the BNP as a growing political threat. Though it would be the election of Derek Beackon in Millwall later in the year that not only sent the reds mad but also seriously alarmed the British political system!

Securing the Island base & Eastern expansion

Our strong connection with the electors of the Isle of Dogs proliferated during the summer of 1993. Membership enquiries, letters of support, more people requesting party literature. As we were already working to a sound, steady plan for the 1994 local elections, we decided we needed to expand our political appeal into other suitable areas.

The demographic clock was ticking loudly for Tower Hamlets and the neighbouring East London Boro' of Newham. The latter (in 1993) was an area with decades of solid Nationalist support and moreover huge political and electoral potential.

We could utilise the two East London boroughs for developing a national political profile for the BNP that would ultimately help the party nationwide and boost recruitment. Unfortunately the rapidly changing demographic complexion of East London, even by 1993, meant that sinking deep, politico-communal roots would be an incredibly difficult task and could only bear political fruit for a few years more. Ethnic birthrates combined with the housing policy of need meant Tower Hamlets and Newham had limited lifespans in terms of the operations of a Racial-Nationalist party. There was also the danger that having committed ourselves to these 2 boroughs we would end up bogged down in political struggles that would distract us from the potential that lay to the east. These other areas contained large numbers of young, White family units where we should be laying down long-term ambitions: Hard, politico-ethnic foundations.

The areas we intended to focus on were: outer-east London (Dagenham & Romford) and south Essex/Thames estuary towns such as Basildon and Southend. Ultimately with Tower Hamlets' and Newham's exponential demographics to consider we wanted to create cultural 'castles', 'fortresses' to politically defend our people on a long-term basis. We needed to build in areas that were 90-95% White and from Dagenham to Southend-on-Sea this as a medium-term project was perfectly feasible.

Of course we would carry on working in inner-London for recruitment and political gain but eventually establish a political hinterland of elected councillors, large branches and municipal political influence – from the outer-London zones extending along the Thames Estuary deep into south Essex.

Britain 1993; background political circumstances

John Major was a hopeless Prime Minister. I wonder what 18th century historian Edward Gibbon would have made of him. Not much. On a par with some of the most utterly incompetent Roman Emperors. Major was unable to control his party or dominate domestic political events. The unpopular *Maastricht Treaty* was forced through Parliament with all manner of chicanery. Obviously he was a fanatical Europhile who wanted greater integration with the fully supra-national entity Europe had become. This measure made him extremely unpopular with elements of his own Parliamentary party and at Tory grass roots level as well as large elements of right-wing patriotic sections of British society. His handling of the economy had resulted in a return to 3 million unemployed, businesses destroyed, homes lost.

Major and his government were in some ways a reincarnation of Edward Heath's government of 1970-74. However let us not be too harsh. During this turbulent time Major found time to lay plans for the National Lottery (a cultural obscenity) and of course, the traffic cones hotline! Plus at the instigation of his old Lambeth council mate, Ken Livingstone, instructed the Met to raid the BNP bookshop! For what? What were they hoping to find? I can tell them what they would find; Nationalist literature, books and a huge hoard of tea, cheese and biscuits that Richard Edmonds enjoyed.

The allusion to Heath's government is particularly interesting because it was his admittance of the Ugandan Asians in 1972 that sparked the growth of the old National Front. The old Front developed well in 1972-74 under a weak Tory government. Now we had another weak Tory administration and there were huge opportunities for the advancement of the BNP plus there were not any phoney competitor parties such as UKIP.!

The BNP was expanding. Each year since 1990 saw more units on the map of Britain, increased literature sales, activities everywhere. Interesting observation: wherever there was a strong, active Nationalist unit the Whites in those areas retained a high degree of racial consciousness/ethnic communal solidarity – local patriotism. This was often reflected in voting patterns. Areas totally bereft of an active Nationalist unit seemed to decline quicker, with many Whites moving out or just giving up and becoming deracinated, atomised individuals.

The Potential of Outer-East London/South Essex

By the spring of 1993 we had a good team of around 25-30 'Saturday' activists from Tower Hamlets but also from Newham, Hackney and Haringey. We spent every Saturday from February 1993-August 1993 travelling to various street markets, all the way from Chapel Street, Islington to Southend-on-Sea high street. Simple basic political work that eventually drew dividends. All we did was walk from end to end of a market distributing various types of leaflets. Our main item of distribution was a leaflet called '*Join Us*'. A5 (size) in colour with a direct message and a basic introduction to our own policies. We handed these leaflets out in inner-London purely for fresh recruitment. Most people in those areas knew who we were.

When these basic but highly effective pieces of literature were distributed in our own targeted areas it was part of a recruitment drive but equally important it was also to announce our presence and inform the public that we were active in the area. A pathfinder policy to explore what were the best areas to concentrate on beyond the inner-city.

As mentioned we pursued this rewarding and fruitful activity every Saturday for six months.

We operated a strict geographic cycle. One week: Islington to Newham (inner-London). Next week; Ilford, Dagenham, Romford (outer-London), following week;

(Essex)-Basildon, Pitsea, Southend-on-Sea. We had a good team spirit and would regularly put out thousands and thousands of the "Join Us' leaflet. There was often a good dialogue with members of the public and minimal opposition.

Due to the BNP's increasing public profile, after a few months membership enquiries started to come in. This focused and intensive activity is the type that builds Nationalism. Things were going well. We had our plan for Tower Hamlets May '94 Boro' elections and the other part of our strategy for reaching into south Essex and eventually creating bases there.

At this time I took a short holiday, early August 1993, and was looking forward to returning to political work when I got back. Hardly anyone had mobile phones then, just landlines. Towards the end of my break I rang Eddy Butler from a call box, just for a quick chat to see what was going on in East London. I was just starting the conversation but he cut me short and told me a Labour Councillor in Millwall Ward had resigned and a by-election was scheduled for mid-September. Less than 12 months since we polled 20% on the Island we had an opportunity to contest the ward again, but this time to win!

Better than the memory, better than the deed – the moment of anticipation!

On Thursday 12th August we had a training seminar in a pub along the Mile End Road, East London that we frequently used. Apart from the value of the seminar it also gave the branch the chance to come together and discuss and plan the new by-election which we were all looking forward to. The seminar was basic stuff: How to campaign and in particular various methods for contesting elections. I was Chairman, Eddy Butler the speaker. Apart from the overall 'Rights for Whites' campaign and our recent expansion into south Essex, we wanted to introduce Education & Training Seminars for BNP members especially new or young members.

When some of us were in the old NF late 70s-mid 80s this type of training was a regular feature. Main aspects were inculcation of ideology and policy, but there was also guidance on general political work, organising meetings, how to create merchandise (t-shirts, badges) basic but essential learning.

The previous education seminar we arranged in east London (July '93) was packed probably because the main speaker was party chairman John Tyndall. I confess to having some critical reservations about JT but here was an area where he was very good. He didn't give a 60-minute Mosley style performance aimed at a general audience with a rousing ending. This was different. JT gave a 30/35 minute talk to experienced Nationalists. This talk consisted of how belief (ideology) inspires and galvanizes Racial-Nationalists to be active and where necessary accept (sometimes) physical risk, always with an eye on eternity and ultimately the survival and prosperity of our Race. It was an intelligent and thought-provoking talk. Pity it wasn't recorded.

These were the days before camera phones and the internet. Much valuable audio-visual material from these times (1990s) is sadly lost.

Preparations for Millwall Election II

After we had our 2nd seminar meeting it was announced that party stalwart and long-term dedicated Nationalist activist, Derek Beackon, was to be the candidate for the by-election on the Isle of Dogs. Eddy Butler had already been very busy having written 3 quality A5 leaflets for the campaign. Towards the election we would use a stylish red, white and blue A4 leaflet but for the initial stages (warm up) Butler's black/white 'homemade' leaflets would be mass distributed. Same successful tactics as before. Large groups mass leafleting on Saturdays/Sundays, then Monday-Fridays, afternoons and evenings, intense door-to-door canvassing plus visiting the good nucleus of support we had on the Island courtesy of the 200+ people on our literature sales round list. This valuable list had developed well since Eddy Butler and myself began it in November 1992. There was also the bulk of the 657 who voted for us last year, many of whom would do so again.

Apart from branch activists there was reliable assistance from other East London units and naturally, always, dedicated assistance from S.E. London – the redoubtable Richard Edmonds and a good group of Nationalist comrades who provided considerable physical support.

Axing public election meetings from our busy election agenda (Butler's sound idea) was also a great help. Leaving out a public meeting saved time, possibly 2-3 days in total. Time would be paramount during this election. The local Tory vote in Tower Hamlets in the 90s could easily be disregarded. John Major's joke government as well as working-class Islanders ensured that they would be irrelevant during this campaign. It was a 3-horse race; Labour, Lib Dems & BNP. As a former betting shop cashier and son of an amateur jockey I thought the respective betting odds at the start were: Labour 6/4, Lib Dems 5/2, BNP 7/2, Tory 50-1. As the campaign progressed and the BNP canvassing returns showed rising support for us, our odds shrank. So eventually it would be neck and neck between us and Labour but with the Lib Dems still in contention albeit in 3rd place.

Lib Dems fake 'Ethnic-Patriotism'

The Lib Dems alarmed by our political progress in Tower Hamlets in recent years realised that if enough sections of the White Working-Class switched votes to the BNP they would lose control of the council to Labour. What could they do to impress the White electorate? A real dilemma as their local party had 2 distinct types within its ranks. Probably 60% of their local party, councillors and activist, were actually Liberal. In the literal sense of that description, in terms of economics, culture, society. Therefore what could they offer White working-class Islanders who were very concerned about Immigration, housing and their vanishing world of old, East London? This type of Liberal could offer virtually nothing, besides traditional types of this political species are ideologically and temperamentally incapable of offering positive solutions to not only East London's Whites but to all of Britain's spurned and neglected White Working-Class. The other type in the local Lib Dem party were different. Virtually all of this element were themselves working-class and had local origins. They joined the party, I should imagine, for personal advancement – I couldn't see them really being attracted by Liberalism itself! Some of them may have even had ancient tribal memories of ethnic community. This was increasingly reflected in their local leaflets. At times their message hinted at vague support for politically unhappy East London Whites. One leaflet that criticised the Labour controlled Millwall Neighbourhood had a sub-heading called '*Bangladesh Shocker!*' which outraged

Labour and anti-racists generally. This was complaining about money spent by Labour on all matters relating to the Bangladeshi community. Some of their material, unbelievably, had a touch of the old NF of 10 years earlier. They were desperate. Moreover unlike Eddy Butler's sophisticated propaganda it was drenched in political negativity and offering no hopes or solutions to the White community. Butler's series of leaflets covering a wide range of vital issues also provided a robust defence of White East Londoners but combined with a reasonable, balanced argument; 'Rights for Whites'.

We worked hard for 3 weeks, same simple, successful formula of recent years with a slightly greater emphasis on focused door-to-door canvassing.

The Final Week

Our regular political work continued on the same organised, disciplined framework of canvass-leaflet. Yet, there are a number of things during the last 7 days leading up to voting that should be mentioned. Hinted at in some 'heavyweight' political TV programmes there was a vague fear by the MSM (and the Establishment) that the BNP might not just win a seat in a by-election but having established the potential to win seats actually pick up more the following May. If the BNP won 3 seats on the Isle of Dogs in May '94 under the Lib Dem 'devolved' system we would have control of a mini-council, with a budget of £23m, our own local authority. A first. I shouldn't imagine the Lib Dems had this in mind when they created the new system. As regards UK Establishment one can imagine shivers going down many a spine!

London Hospital Vigil

On the Saturday before Polling Day a large group of young Asians were holding a vigil outside the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, East London. They were holding the activity for a young Asian boy who had been attacked and badly beaten, apparently by a group of young Whites. Mixed in with the young Bangladeshis' were elements of ANL (Anti-Nazi League). Some kind of disagreement broke out between the protestors and the police on duty and a mini-riot ensued. Some police officers seriously injured, numerous arrests. The Asians blamed the police, the police said they were merely trying to maintain order. If ANL had a hand in this disturbance then it showed their undoubted political stupidity, because with Tower Hamlets facing one of their biggest election events for decades – the images of young Asians attacking the police would have secured us a few more votes!

The poor unfortunate Asian boy (at first in a comatose state) who had been savagely attacked was obviously a victim of the culprits who did it, but, politically he, along with black youths and (often forgotten) young White men were/are all victims of the System. The British Political Establishment and its sometimes contrived, but always chaotic policy of mass immigration, multi-racialism and their unrequested and undemocratic imposition of the Multi-Cultural Society!

The MSM was in a quandary covering the Millwall by-election. Sometimes with Nationalist campaigns of the past they totally ignored us. Censorship. This time they simply couldn't avoid mentioning us. Too big a news story. Yet, still unsure of how to present us at this time. Even negative reporting would alert Island Whites that we were standing for election. Our professional political work was edging the party towards an incredible political victory. The MSM knew we had obtained 20% last time in Millwall, only 11 months ago and this time we had a good chance of winning. The MSM soon solved their own dilemma; they decided to attack us!

Grotesque, ridiculous lies and invented horror stories. The BBC always, always vile and anti-British was its usual self but then a new, regional TV programme *London Tonight*, started early 1993, surpassed even the poisonous Beeb. *London Tonight* since then (29 years) has maintained its diet of allegations of 'racism', 'hate crime' and needless to say only Whites are the perpetrators. Back then *London Tonight* went even further than the BBC attacking the BNP during the upcoming by-election. While the young Asian boy (Quddus Ali) lay in hospital after being attacked and Asian youths were battling the police (2 events incidentally that had nothing to do with us!) LT produced a brief news clip that literally mixed all the usual foul ingredients of liberal-left 'journalism', standard MSM propaganda, illusion and lies. The LT reporter on the spot outside the hospital, casually mentioned that Quddus Ali had been attacked by 8 "Neo-Nazis" (I have this clip on film). Not the Asian lad was a victim of an alleged racist attack or police unsure but still investigating but 8 (exact number?) "Neo-Nazis". The connection they were trying to infer was obvious. When they produced further bulletins about this attack they would seamlessly go straight to coverage of the Millwall by-election. Normally beginning the report with emotive phraseology such as 'Tensions are running high in Tower Hamlets', 'Fear in the East End', 'Living in fear'. Such spurious sentences are often used by media prostitutes with the intention of deliberately creating tensions for political purposes and a news story.

The BBC soon caught up with LT (ITV-Carlton TV) and started spouting similar rubbish over the last week of our election campaigning. That worn out phrase, 'Tensions running high'. The only really tense people could probably be found in the inner-sanctum of the System, Establishment, State.

Certain 'Civil Servants' in discreet offices would have noted with rising horror that the BNP were going to win a council seat in inner-London. Not in some small provincial town or leafy village but in London itself. The BNP, authentic standard bearers of British Racial-Nationalism, despite being under siege at times with threats, lies, violence and quasi-repression were, come Thursday, likely to be victorious. The system was in for a major shock.

More New Laws

Victorian Prime Minister Lord Salisbury once described legislation as a necessary evil. He meant that we should only put laws on the statute book when they were absolutely necessary and didn't do any harm! Some people want new laws every week. The New Labour governments, 1997-2010, apparently produced more legislation than British governments going back to 1870. Blair's Premiership 1997-2007 saw 26,849 laws introduced!

On that final weekend before September 16th (Polling Day) BBCs *Newsnight* political programme had on their show the late East London M.P. Tony Banks. Despite his ostensibly proletarian origins and representing a (then) White-Working Class area, Banks always had zero interest in White Working-Class issues and problems.

On the programme he put forward, for those times, the fantastic notion of Parliament putting into law a specific crime which pertained to racial assault. In other words 'Hate Crimes' legislation. He deemed this urgent! He wanted this law to carry more severer penalties than a 'standard' assault. A mere 4 years later New Labour were eagerly putting such a notion into various laws that we still have today. I hope these fresh laws were vigorously applied a few years later when Mr Banks was robbed at a cash-point in East London by 'local youths'. Sauce for the Goose!

When the subject of such laws were brought up again (within the same period) on *Newsnight* a Tory, Peter Lloyd, junior minister at the Home Office was asked his opinion of 'Hate' laws being created. Although a minister in Major's government and reasonably marinated in social liberalism, Mr Lloyd to his credit thought such laws were nonsense and said that committing a serious, unprovoked violent assault on some one was hateful in itself. How times change.

While the MSM carried on with their truth distortion and the likes of Tony Banks wanted more draconian legislation, we continued our election work.

On the last Saturday and Sunday about 60 of us took part in the last mass leaflet in Millwall Ward using the glossy, colourful A4 version. We remained vigilant because all sorts of threats had been directed towards us. ANL were holding a small anti- BNP rally in the ward but we encountered no trouble. We completed our work. The spirit of camaraderie amongst us was fabulous. At last, after the sterile 1980s (for Nationalists!) our cause was making serious progress again. We were definitely on the verge of something big. TV media were constantly monitoring the election and attacking the party where possible.

The local paper the *East London Advertiser* was also watching the unfolding events on the Isle of Dogs. National newspapers, oddly, were somewhat quiet, though they made up for it after the election! The only press item of interest was from the now defunct and generally badly written, Today newspaper, which used part of its political section to attack the BNP and Derek Beackon in particular, describing Derek as a real life, reincarnation of 'Alf Garnett'. Puerile. The 'Alf Garnett' character though mildly amusing at times was ultimately an attack on British working-class men and their sound values, ethnic-patriotism and martial courage.

"Scrambled Egg"

Now a curious incident, though one giving bad portents for the next few months for the BNP. As mentioned in my previous article in *Candour* (issue 878) a publican on the Isle of Dogs, a strong BNP sympathiser, allowed us, actually welcomed us to use his pub for meetings and socials. Which we did.

This gentleman was a tough, local character who ran another pub in the boro'. Someone not easily intimidated. That is until the final night of leafleting when we headed towards his pub for a drink. As we were getting near his pub our friendly landlord approached us in the street. I have no wish to denigrate him. A good man who gave us much assistance. He was looking unhappy and slightly embarrassed. He explained. His words:"Lads, I'm really sorry but you can't use my pub anymore. I had a visit from the police. They said I shouldn't serve you anymore. 'Not in my interests' (open to a number of interpretations). They said you might cause serious trouble, public disorder etc". We asked if the officer was local? "Nah, he replied, never seen him, this one was important he had scrambled egg all over his shoulders!"

This, I think, was a slang way of saying this was a very senior officer who was using whatever laws (or not) to 'instruct' an East London publican not to serve us. I am sure the experienced reader can work this all out.

The officer would have acted within the law but was clearly working to an agenda created by elements within the State. Nonetheless, the intention was obvious – Stop the BNP from functioning!

"A state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also: and this lie creepeth from its mouth: 'I, the state am the people'. It is a lie! - Nietzsche (Thus Spake Zaruthustra).

VICTORY! (Polling Day)

Thursday 16th September 1993 – a pleasant autumnal day. We intended to be busy from when the polling stations opened to the end. 7am-10pm. We had enough people to cover the schools where voting was taking place. We would be standing outside the schools, usual stuff, giving out the slips with our candidate's name on it. Only 4 parties involved. So at the school gates it would be us and the three old parties. The Tories really were wasting their time. Their votes in Tower Hamlets in the 90s were joke level. The victor in this by-election would be either Labour, Lib Dem or a.....British Nationalist. All three of us had roughly the same chance, though the Lib Dems seemed to be falling behind slightly.

I started an early shift with a young Nationalist comrade from 7am-11am in the northern part of the ward. Keeping us 'company' outside the school were the 3 old parties. All three representing treason and decay. I had only been standing there 30 minutes when, we all possess a bit of radar, I detected one of the Lib Dems, a tall, slim young man (20s) but with the physiognomy which exemplifies the slow death of the West staring at us and trembling at the same time. He clearly hated us. Odd. His whole demeanour was a mix of shock and hate. I asked if he was alright. No reply, just more manic behaviour. I asked out of pity and curiosity. His senior colleague, a stout, middle-aged woman managed to pacify him and they moved to the other side of the gates, far from us as possible. I wonder how that creature reacted 16 hours later when we had won! You may ask what has this micro incident got to do with the election and indeed the general '*Rights for Whites* story? Everything really.

Liberalism happens when there are Liberals to promote it. The majority of them are not merely infected with a strange doctrine, they themselves are a biological phenomenon, mutant whites, pathological altruists. Weak men breed bad times. Ultimately (and ironically) a product of civilisation. Such creatures are among the central motors responsible for implementing and assisting; mass immigration, multi-racialism, 'Hate Crime' laws and and in fact destroying and degrading (and replacing) every facet and aspect of White society.

The death-wish 'gifts' of the Liberal and through their positions in politics, civil service, education sector and media they can enable our demise, our oblivion and seem to rejoice in it.

Our Race, a complex, sophisticated mechanism has achieved great things but also made a great mess (historically) at

times. Complex organisms while making outstanding contributions to the world through the production of 'genius' also have a flip side, a downside; the Liberal whose altruism only extends to the outsider, not his own tribe. The Liberal feels his/her politics largely through their instincts not textbooks. The young Lib Dem who viewed us with such venom, is a typical specimen; the white beta-male and along with the really disturbed world of the violent Marxist, such people really do equal cultural schizophrenia, a divorce from reality and a rejection of biology and...nature!

Tea For Me But Not For Thee (Infantile Labour)

This Polling Day was pretty humdrum. Often the way things are before big storms. The support from the Island was excellent. As solid as last year but with that extra edge, we could win. A routine day of standing on school gates punctuated by various breaks. Only item worth reporting was related to takeaway teas from a nearby cafe. We intended to buy our own but the next Lib Dem duo to stand on the gates included the late Councillor John Snooks. He bought 8 cups of tea, 2 for each political party and included us. Snooks was a Labour member who had fallen out with the left-wing types in the local party. Now he was a Lib Dem councillor. He was White Working-Class, very much in the 'Prole' section of the Lib Dems and I suspect in private may have held non-PC views. He was a Cockney and a character, the tea was a generous gesture. "Ere mate 2 teas for you and yer mate". He even brought them over to us.

Still stuck on the school gate, next tea purchasers were the Tories. 8 cups. Again we were included. We bought the next 8. Before myself and my colleague went to lunch, we had been there nearly 5 hours, the Labour party went to the cafe. Returned with 6 teas! Obviously the horror of buying for us was too much. In one anecdote that essentially summed up Tower Hamlets Labour Party. John Snooks to his credit slagged off the two Labourites for their mean gesture. Yes, another micro incident but it said so much, Labour: petty minded, infantile and anti-British!

As a quiet day of electioneering ended about 30 of us went to a nearby pub to meet the rest of our team. As in October 1992 only 8 allowed in the election count. We anticipated a long-night. By-election counts are usually over quickly. This one was different. We suspected the media interest had created, for a local election, a high turnout. With various pollsters predicting a tight finish where anyone of 3 could win, only a few votes could decide, therefore there may be many recounts.

Final Hours

The pub we were in was 10 minutes walk away from Jack Dash House where the count was taking place. So towards the end of the evening when we roughly anticipated the time for the result to be announced, one of us would quickly move up the road to see what was happening and if the result was announced. We would also be watching the television news in the pub, probably the main news item! Mobile phones were pretty new then and only one of us had one, besides it would be more interesting watching outside the council building. The ANL were in the vicinity but we disregarded them. What we did notice was a group of Whites outside the pub 40-50 strong (who grew in number throughout the night). Ages from early 20s-mid 40s. They almost certainly weren't reds, some of them came in the pub for a drink. We asked them why they were hanging around outside a pub on a Thursday night? Their reply and it was inspiring - "We're all from Poplar (district 2 miles away) but we came down to cheer on the BNP, we want them to win". We told them we were the BNP, which pleased them and now an even larger group of us were ready to celebrate a possible victory!

The heady atmosphere was so confusing I still can't remember how the news from the count came to us in the pub. Maybe the runner who stood outside the council building or the singular mobile phone we had. There had been at least two recounts. Then the news: **We WON!**

The roar in the pub (and the streets outside) was something you hear at a football match. A few drinks were spilled, impromptu jigs, chaotic singing, punching the air with joy....

Despite the odds (always) stacked against us, we had played the party game and emerged victorious. Four years of *East London Rights for Whites* had lead to this...

A Deserved WIN

Unbelievable. Even though we had demonstrated our electoral potential on the Island in October 1992, it was still a bit of a shock that we had won the seat. By a slender margin; 7 votes, but we had a seat on Tower Hamlets council and more importantly Millwall Neighbourhood's devolved council, after all the years of bitter struggle.

Nationalists had been active in East London since the early 1900s but this was the first real breakthrough! There had been Nationalist electoral victories before. Four in total. Mosley's B.U.F. had a councillor, pre-war, elected in East Anglia. A small north London based Nationalist party (N.I.P.) won a council seat in south Tottenham, 1974. The National Party (NF splinter group) saw 2 councillors elected in Blackburn in 1976. No disrespect to those who had participated in those four victories but our effort was something special. In 1993 there were over 19,000 council seats in England, so on paper the Millwall result shouldn't seem that significant. The key factor that made this one stand out was the decade we were in (1990s) and that we had triumphed in multi-racial inner-London. London with its fast changing demographics. A superb achievement, the end result of 4 years, clever, skilful, hard work (and Eddy Butler must be praised as the main architect of all this) we had done it. Not forgetting considerable physical danger and risks.

"Longest Route Is The Shortest Journey" – B.H. Liddell Hart.

Important lessons for Nationalists who seek instant solutions: intelligent political work motivated by our ideology and focused on an area gets results. Sometimes this takes years but it's far superior to outfits who have a 'win or bust in 5 years' mentality or even more hideous, those cranks who yearn for the 'The Leader' (a cult). Great men are rare. Sometimes we have to make do with a boring old team committee operating on the lines of 'first among equals'.

Judging by the media reaction outside Jack Dash House (where the result was declared) what we thought, was initially, a tiny crack in the system was fast developing into a large political fault line – the type that normally precedes earthquakes! Nearly 100 of us stood in the street outside, the crowd of people from

nearby Poplar also non-party members but definitely with us in spirit cheering the loudest.

While we were still in the pub we caught a glimpse of winning BNP candidate Derek Beackon on the television news. National and regional TV news. We felt joyous and proud as he went before the cameras in the company of Richard Edmonds and made his press statement quickly put together by BNP Press Officer Mike Newland which finished with these words;" ..the British people have had enough of being treated as 2nd class citizens in our own country....we are going to take our country back!" This went around the world's media. One seat out of 19,000 and only at local level. The media present at the election count seemed strangely part-paralysed. Keen to scribble down notes as quick as possible and take photos but simultaneously stood there almost frozen, collectively astonished. Most of them hating us but fascinated at the same time.

Millwall Result 16th September 1993

Derek Beackon – B.N.P. - 1,480 (33.8%)

James Hunt – Labour 1,473 (33.7%)

J.Mills – LibDem 1,284 (29.4%)

T. Dickenson - Con 134 (3.1%)

Once the result was announced and officially confirmed the ANL contingent who had come to oppose us became unruly and here and there were unpleasant skirmishes between them and some of our supporters. Unnecessary. We had won so getting into confrontations was pointless. Eventually we formed into various small groups and started to make our way to a pub I had booked in Stepney, East London. I had no idea where Derek was but later realised that statements and pictures were still being taken outside the council building. Including of course the famous picture of him holding out a Union flag. He was in good company with Richard Edmonds and Mike Newland and we would all meet up at the social booked as a private party.

On route I was in a mini-bus sitting next to George Happe's youngest son. George Happe, as mentioned in the first of these series of articles was the local man who organised the protest march in February 1990 after his step-grandson was allegedly stabbed numerous times by Asian youths in a school classroom in East London. His march which condemned ALL racial attacks was in many ways the spark for our East London 'Rights for Whites' campaigns.

Over 3½ years later George's son (a good solid BNP activist) was sitting next to me and kept asking "Have we really won?". Might seem an odd question but at the time on this special night, he like many others (including myself) were still surprised by our victory – and its immediate political impact. I replied "Yes, we've won and we are on Tower Hamlets council now".

"But we are the people of England: and we have not spoken yet, smile at us, pay us, pass us, but do not quite forget."
G.K. Chesterton.

Spearhead
70p
No. 296 OCTOBER 1993
VICTORY!
Establishment parties and media stunned by BNP's dramatic election win
IN THIS ISSUE:-
A moment in history (pages 2 & 3)
News of the World confirms BNP housing claim (page 14)
Letters (page 15)
A night to remember (page 18)
The BNP victory: 'Democracy' reacts (page 19)

The 'VICTORY' front page of the BNP magazine *Spearhead* October 1993 issue. A beaming Councillor (!) Derek Beackon (with masked or scowling riot police on hand). Also see Derek centre in the front page photo of this issue of *Candour*)

"Mr Charrington's Bookshop Moment" (1984)

We parked near the pub I had booked for the social (and now celebration) which was going to be a late, late party. The landlady (attractive blonde) and her husband (tough, taciturn) probably in their late 30s. Both staunch BNP supporters and more than happy for us to use their facilities which often included free meetings. I arrived before the bulk of the group but about 10-12 of our people were already there. I went to the bar to speak to the landlady about the big, cold buffet she had provided and both her and her husband congratulated us on our victory.

Unfortunately uninvited 'guests' soon arrived (too soon). Anti-Nazi League? No. Assorted Reds? No. Our visitors were 30 uniformed police officers. They entered the pub not in the manner of disciplined public officials but more akin to the plastic gangsters one often sees portrayed in TV dramas about the East End.

Mathematically they outnumbered us about 2-1 and as they well knew, had the full power of the British state behind them. Moments like this are when the System temporarily removes Magna Carta or Habeas Corpus from the history books. This was raw power.

A silence descended upon the interior of the little pub. I strongly suspected that none of them were local officers who on the whole had been quite professional in their dealings with us over the years. The leader of this group of 'civil servants' (policemen) was a tall, saturnine figure in his 40s. With his grim

visage and ramrod bearing he was a curious hybrid of WW1 British General and a Dr Who Cyberman. Probably 6' 4" plus.

He approached the landlady (a brave woman) and informed her it was well past closing time and this party was over. She replied with great spirit (and moral courage) that this was her pub and she made the decisions. Cyberman repeated his demands. Again, she replied "My pub and anyway it's a private party that had been booked".The automaton then informed her that 'she was a woman of low morals and her business was in jeopardy'. He never actually said this though the meaning and intent were the same. Words along those lines plus the Licensing Act was mentioned. His actual language used is too base to be printed in A.K. Chesterton's magazine!

Another silence. Brave, blonde, gutsy pub landlady held his stare, then after a gentle nudge from her husband... conceded. She looked at me, partly angry, partly tearful and said "Sorry, I'm really sorry but you've all got to go....what do you want done with the food?". I told her not to worry and the food she could give to local OAPs or anyone who needed it. We didn't have time to collect it. The 30 constables who looked more akin to riot squad types were itching for something to happen. For one of us to retaliate. We held our cool. After all a reaction would have meant we would be the ones in custody nursing cuts and bruises.

Just before we left I really, achingly, wanted to drink the pint I had just bought. It had been a long day. Before I connected with the glass the Cyberman came straight over to me. I noticed his wearing of leather gloves with one hand gripping at waist level, an old fashioned truncheon. I really wanted that pint but it was not to be. The tall public servant in front of the table told me (again I'm avoiding his actual words) – "Touch that drink you diminutive vulva and you are under arrest". Pint untouched. I left with the others. Cyberleader's final words to his troops were "C'mon get them all out of here".

The paragraph-heading for this section of the article refers to my 'Mr Charrington's' Bookshop moment. Mr 'Charrington' from George Orwell's *1984*.

I used that title because that pint I never drank was my *1984* moment. I know that all *Candour* readers have read Orwell's *1984*. Recall there is an episode in the book when Winston Smith and Julia are arrested in the bedroom they rent above 'Mr Charrington's' bookshop. Winston for the first time in his life is confronted by a member of the 'Thought Police' who was in fact 'Mr Charrington' who previously was disguised. That was how I felt when that tall, senior officer confronted me – though he wasn't in any disguise.

Regardless of my years of political education, knowledge and experience gained first in the NF, then the BNP I still harboured a child-like belief in the good qualities of the British policeman, of any rank. That was shattered by that brief moment staring into the shark-like eyes of that man....and although I am diminutive I still managed to crane my neck high enough to notice that this very tall policeman had – 'scrambled egg' -all over his shoulder epaulettes and lapels...

Celebration at last...

Outside the pub there were around 30 of us now on the pavement. No pubs to go to, too late, so many drifted off home. Some of us went to a BNP member's flat who lived locally. We put some music on and drank to our victory. After a while we got bored with music and put LBC radio on (a commercial talk station that covers London). LBC then and indeed is now riddled with the usual variety of liberals, reds and weak conservatives. Needless to say the BNP was THE news item for that evening. Odd that 90% of callers to LBC that night were hostile to us. We suspected the calls were heavily vetted to only let vociferous opponents on to the airwaves to attack the BNP. A few token sympathisers managed to get through. One who described us as heroes. Despite the few tokens the whole essence of the show was firmly anti-us.

Nonetheless we found it amusing listening to assorted liberal-left freaks going into a frenzy upset by our victory. ANL supporters rang in, in droves, many suggesting we should be banned. Banned! Maybe ANL should have considered contesting elections....Drinking and listening to these creatures was a satisfying end to the day, but it also dawned on us that a mere 1 hour after Derek Beackon's election triumph for the BNP, liberal-democratic Britain's response was to get the authorities to break up our pre-planned social function!

Caseum Potentia

In 1983 I was at a National Front meeting where the guest speaker was Joe Pearce. Many of us used to deeply admire him pre-1990. I certainly did. During his talk he gave an amusing if very simplistic analogy for obtaining political power. He referred to the cartoon show *Tom and Jerry*. The Cat was the Establishment. The Mouse was us (Nationalists) and the Cheese behind the Cat represented power! If said Joe we attacked the Cat head on we would be eaten (lose). So to get to the Cheese (power) we would have to use intelligent, resourceful, legal methods to get around the Cat to get to the Cheese of Power.. A child's metaphor but easy to explain.

That's what we in the BNP had done. Legal, clean, honest, by the book. Another reason the System reacted with such fury on election night. We had beaten them at their own game... with the rule book written by them!

A sense of local pride...

Any victory for the Race and authentic British Racial-Nationalism is to be applauded. For me and I should imagine many fellow East Londoners/White Cockneys, this particular moment created deep, personal satisfaction.

I thought about the people from Poplar, East London who had travelled on polling day to the Isle of Dogs to show public support for us. Before, none of us knew them. They were strangers but they and thousands throughout the Boro' wanted us to win.

I thought of our earlier marches and public meetings that just didn't consist of Nationalists but large elements of the public that sympathised with us. Many of the people that supported our public activities were local folk whose faces though familiar were actually strangers, people I had seen in pubs, cafes and street markets. I didn't know them, they didn't know me, but there was an unspoken sub-conscious feeling that something had to be done, politically, to stand up for the interests of the White-Working class of East London, ordinary Whites in the big cities of England, literally all of our kith and kin in these Britannic Islands and of course poor old White grandmothers who missed out on their grandchildren growing up, who used to send us pitiful letters, imploring us to please, please do

something.....well dear ladies we certainly tried... and briefly won.....and this story has a long way to go yet!

Meanwhile a few miles west of Millwall...

While the BNP celebrated a fantastic political victory I should imagine, somewhere in central London, maybe a government office – adroit, malevolent 'civil servants', many of the invisible variety, had since 1990, carefully studied and scrutinised our little rebellion in East London and had decided to end it. While their ostensible political masters in Parliament and media whores screamed vitriol towards the BNP, the real executive of the British state, the System, Establishment (whatever you want to call it) was preparing political counter-measures against the BNP in East London.....and to quote HG Wells from the War of the Worlds... "***They slowly and surely drew their plans against us***".

"***Nothing is given to mankind and what little men can conquer must be paid for with unjust death. But man's grandeur lies eleswhere, in his decision to rise above his condition.***"

Albert Camus

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Part 4 next issue.

* * * *

Editors note: We are in contact with leading participants in the 1990-94 *East London Rights for White* campaign but are well aware that there are others out there who will have played a part, large or small, who have memories and photographs they would like to share with a much broader audience. In **THE BOOK**.

Let us get this message out to the broadest possible community community. Contact ***Candour***. **Spread the word!**

Why Cash Matters
USE IT OR LOSE IT!

ONE of the most important planks to the rulers' plans of total world domination is the cashless society, which many will have heard about but nobody pays much attention to. It is absolutely crucial that we continue to use cash money, notes and coins, as often as possible if we don't want to see it completely disappear, along with the last of our privacy and personal freedom. Go to the ATM, better yet the bank if you can still find one, or the Post Office, and draw out your daily or weekly needs for spending. £200 folds up very small and tidily with the new modern polymer notes, plus you can keep a much closer eye on your spending if you're about to spend the last of it!

The reason we should all do this, and always get cashback while grocery shopping (though some supermarkets have now ditched the facility giving a hint of the future), is because they will never legislate that cash will be phased out or banned. They can't get rid of what we're still using - the people themselves must opt for the 'convenience' of digital payment methods, and feel that it's much 'safer' - even though over £400 million was lost due to card fraud last year, as opposed to just under £9 million in cash.

By Darren Smith

With acknowledgements to *The Light* newspaper

thelightpaper.co.uk

Overseas News Courtesy of the Institute for Historical Review

news@ihr.org

The Rittenhouse Verdict is Only Shocking if You Followed the Last Year of Terrible Reporting

Matt Taibbi and Matt Orfelea

https://cryptonews.bizlim.com/news/taibbi-the-rittenhouse-verdict-is-only-shocking-if-you-followed-the-last-year-of-terrible-reporting?uid=538770

Kyle Rittenhouse was found not guilty on all six charges today [Nov. 19], already causing a great exploding of heads in the pundit-o-sphere … Colleagues in national media spent over a year telling the country the 18-year-old was not just guilty, but a moral monster whose acquittal would be an in-your-face affirmation of systemic white supremacy … In a tinderbox situation like this one, it was reckless beyond belief for analysts to tell audiences Rittenhouse was a murderer when many if not most of them had a good idea he would be acquitted. But that's exactly what most outlets did … Media figures got every element of this story wrong … Analysts not only pre-judged Rittenhouse's guilt, but offered advance explanations for any possible acquittal...

Jeffrey Epstein Was Blackmailing Politicians For Israel's Mossad, New Book Claims

Middle East Monitor

https://www.middleeastmonitor.com/20200106-jeffrey-epstein-was-blackmailing-politicians-for-israels-mossad-new-book-claims/

The deceased American financier and convicted sex offender Jeffrey Epstein and his, now convicted, girlfriend Ghislaine Maxwell were Israeli spies who used underage girls to blackmail politicians into giving information to Israel, according to their alleged Mossad handler. The couple reportedly ran a "honey-trap" operation in which they provided young girls to prominent politicians from around the world for sex, and then used the incidents to blackmail them in order to attain information for Israeli intelligence. The claims are being made by the alleged former Israeli spy Ari Ben-Menashe in a new book "*Epstein: Dead Men Tell No Tales*" in which he said that he was the handler of Ghislaine's father Robert Maxwell, who was also an Israeli espionage agent and was the one who introduced his daughter and Epstein to Mossad...

Special Thank You's

Towards the end of 2020 Rob Black stepped up to keep *Candour* going and into 2021 edited three issues prior to and post my release from two years in prison. (Another Colin Todd saga). This gave me a chance to find my feet again and recover my equilibrium for which I can never thank him enough.

Our friends Mallificus Sentius, Hereward More and JC also took on major roles in writing, production and proofing. They were not alone. If you played a part and continued to support us I thank you too.

Colin.

John Bean - Obituary
27 June 1927 - 9 November 2021

I encountered John Bean in 1959 when cycling through central London with my school friend Paul Barnes. JB was speaking from the plinth of Nelson's Column at a meeting of the National Labour Party. Thus began a friendship that was to last a lifetime.

He was born in Carshalton, Surrey. He spent his teenage years studying, dodging German bombs, and waiting to be called up. The war ended before he was needed but he did his National Service in the Royal Navy. On leaving the navy he started work as an industrial chemist but later turned his hand to journalism.

He was recruited to the Lewisham branch of Oswald Mosley's *Union Movement* in 1951 by his lifelong friend Carl Harley. He left UM two years later but he took some of their policies with him. He didn't go so far as "Europe a Nation" but he believed in a Confederation of Nation States.

He joined the *League of Empire Loyalists* in 1954. They were a right-wing pressure group that was firmly against Communism and finance capitalism. In 1957 he founded the *National Labour Party*, which merged with Colin Jordan's *White Defence League* in 1960 to become the *British National Party*. In 1962 Colin Jordan and John Tyndall broke away from the *BNP* to form the *National Socialist Movement*. Colin Jordan kept the Princedale Road HQ, and John Bean kept his paper *Combat* which ran from 1958 to 1968. The leaders of the *NSM* were locked up for organising a paramilitary formation called *Spearhead*. The reorganised *BNP* stood in local and parliamentary elections with John Bean receiving a record breaking 9.3% at Southall in the 1964 general election; a campaign that I am proud to have taken part in.

In 1967 the *League of Empire Loyalists* joined with the *British National Party* and a faction of the *Racial Preservation Society* to form the *National Front*. At first John Tyndall was excluded but he was allowed to join a year later. This development together with the rejection of JB's policies on European Confederation and Workers' Partnership persuaded him to quit active politics. He did not return until 1999 when John Tyndall was ousted as leader of the contemporary *BNP* by Nick Griffin. He became editor of the *BNP* magazine Identity but fell out with Nick Griffin in 2010. He joined the *British Democratic Party* in 2013 and for some years he wrote a column for the *BDP* website called *Nationalist Notebook*.

He wrote four books; *Ten Miles from Anywhere*, an account of life in rural Suffolk, *Many Shades of Black*, his political autobiography, *Blood in the Square*, a political novel, and *The Trail of the Viking Finger*, a historical novel. He also appeared on television; *Timewatch* in April 1995, *Windrush* in September 1997, and *The Lost Race* in March 1999.

He should be remembered for his practical approach to politics which he described as the art of the possible. He rejected the shock tactics of Colin Jordan in favour of conventional campaigning, and he tried to bridge the gap between Oswald Mosley's vision of "Europe a Nation" and the narrow nationalism of John Tyndall.

He was a likable, sociable and intelligent man with a good sense of humour. His main fault was that he mixed with the wrong people and was reluctant to dump them. He was a genuine patriot with a social conscience. He leaves behind his wife Marion, his son Chris, his daughter Carol and lots of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

We agreed about ninety percent of the time but we argued about the other ten percent for over half a century; first by letter and then by email. I shall miss him dearly.

Bill Baillie

'Sir'Tony '45 Minutes' Blair Says...
"The unvaccinated are all idiots"

One word from former Prime Minister, War Criminal, paid Zionist mouthpiece and Big Pharma salesman Tony Blair was always one word too much for your **Editor**.

The latest from the former Prime Minister and forever war criminal comes via a paper from his *Tony Blair Institute* (really!). Blair is demanding that the 6.2 million in the UK who have not had a single jab of untested chemicals, "the unvacinnated" (they make the same face when they say "holocaust" or "climate *denier*" with special sneered emphasis on the word "*denier*") face a renewed government effort to make them change their minds.

By claiming that some 43% of hospital admissions are now made up of the "unvacinnated" the authors of the paper 'suggest' the government now use anthropological research and behavioural science to understand why people are not adhering to Public Health 'guidance' by getting their 'Covid' shots.

Let's save the boffins trying to understand it all some effort. It is because of this. We know that the figure of *refusniks* must be a LOT more than 6.2 million if that is the official number given, and above ALL...

WE DO NOT BELIEVE A WORD THAT ANY OF YOU SAY! EVER!

It is ***our*** **mission** to ensure that fewer and fewer of our folk, each day, believe anything the enemy say. Simple mantras spread often ***WILL*** stick.

ALL POLITICIANS ARE LIARS
ALL JOURNALISTS ARE LIARS
ALL BANKSTERS ARE THIEVES

There endeth a short lesson in REAL radical nationalist action.

As well as "Just call me Sir Tony" Blair, we also have 'Dame' Vanessa Redgrave formerly of the *WRP* (*Workers Revolutionary Party*) featured in the New Years dis-Honours List. Part of a family of communistic toilers. In the theatre...

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Colin Todd
BM Candour
London
WC1N 3XX, UK.

Email:
akctrust@yahoo.co.uk

Colin,
We buried John Bean last Friday (26th Nov) in the village graveyard at Wickhambrook, West Suffolk. He had been living in Northallerton, in your part of the world, but he wanted to go back to Suffolk where he had spent most of his life.

I was the only political person at the funeral, but I wasn't representing any party, I was there as an old friend of the family.

As we sang *For Those in Peril on The Sea*, I remembered all the old sailors that I had known in the movement; Austen Brooks, Andrew Fountaine, Phil Burbage, John Bean, and yourself.

I had known JB since 1959 and over the years we have fought together, drank together, and been arrested together. We didn't always agree with each other but I loved him like a brother.

Best Wishes
Bill Baillie
London

Editor: A very moving letter from Bill, which I am printing with permission.
One thing Bill. Less of the 'old'...

Sir - RE: *Candour* issue 877, August - September 2021. This is a most fantastic issue and such a brilliant idea and the cover picture was just splendid!

Now, one thing that particularly interested me is the reference in G. Stridiron's letter to the Post Office's SAVE OUR CASH campaign.

I am a huge fan of CASH and always try to use it where possible. My motto is CASH LEAVES NO FOOTPRINTS (Yes Irena. Total trackability is their aim. **Ed.**)

I notice in various shops around me here how so many people do still actually use CASH...

Also I try to send at least some letters and cards via 'snail mail' as opposed to always using email.

Now I am on the mailing list of SOLARI (***solari.com***) which is sent out once a week. The reason I mention this is that a few months back they launched their CASH FRIDAY campaign where you pay for everything with CASH every Friday.

The reasoning is that if you use CASH you are holding up the advance of the Banksters who want to swallow us all up.

It might be an idea for *Candour* to expound (awful pun intended!) in its pages.

Irena
Northern USA

Editor: (Completely agree Irena. In *Candour* we have and will continue to print pro-cash articles. See page 13 Column 2).

Sir - Thanks again for the latest *Candour*. Stephen Smith is writing a sensible and interesting history of East London nationalists. As he says, it's all down to hard graft and to be consistent in doing it. Flash in the pan stuff will not make the grade.

It will take more dedication than ever to win back our country from those who have created a "Tower of Babel" out of it. In fact, the ordinary run of the mill young Brit is probably so brainwashed by the MSM that they would probably back the trendy multi-racial system pushed by the establishment.

The present older generation, who have had a young life free of race mixing nonsense (apart from many years ago the odd coloured gentleman knocking on the door with his briefcase trying to sell ties, cushion covers and similar items), know better and therefore get tagged as "Little Englanders", fuddy-duddies or in some cases 'Fascist'. These people are loathed by the Euro lovers who were so shocked to find we were out of the EU. This breed of people is passing into history and there is no replacement in sight.

No amount of laws will make an unworkable system work. The communist system is an example of that. You end up with a bureaucracy, no free speech, a political police state and growing dictatorship. That sort of society we want to kick onto the rubbish tip of history.

What will be will be.
The laws of nature and God will sort it out if we cannot.
All the Best,

Gordon Stridiron
South Tyneside

Sir, Thank you for your recent response to my new subscription to *Candour*. You suggested that we backdate it to include Parts 1 & 2 of Steve Smith's *East London Rights for Whites* series. So pleased you did! I am really looking forward to the rest!

Candour seems very 'un -cliquey' and it makes me want to get more involved.

Susan
Midlands

Sir, A friendly crowd to meet up with in London attend ***Keep Talking*** meetings.

Contact Ian Fantom and ask to be placed on their email list. ***ian@keeptalking.info***

Peter
London

Editor. Always mention *Candour* when introducing yourself.

"Two Wongs don't make a White"

Arthur Caldwell. Australian immigration minister on the much and viciously maligned White Australia Policy. 1947.

Candour is *always* seeking new writers and articles.
One much neglected area of comparatively recent White history that DEMANDS a true reporting is the **White Australia Policy**.
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enemy. Team effort required? Interested?
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akctrust@yahoo.co.uk

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REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY continued from front page...

Our wreath inscription
"In Memory of Our Fallen Kin of Rhodesia & the Republic of South Africa
We will remember them"

Left: Stephen Smith and Colin Todd pay their respects having laid our wreath (right) on Remembrance Sunday at the Cenotaph in London 14th November 2021. This was laid on behalf of *Candour* Britons worldwide and our founder A. K. Chesterton. MC.

In Memory of Our Fallen Kin of Rhodesia & the Republic of South Africa
"We will remember them"
Candour & The A.K. Chesterton MC Trust

Front Page photo: Paul Ballard, Alex, Stephen Smith, Derek Beackon, Heather, Colin Todd at the Cenotaph

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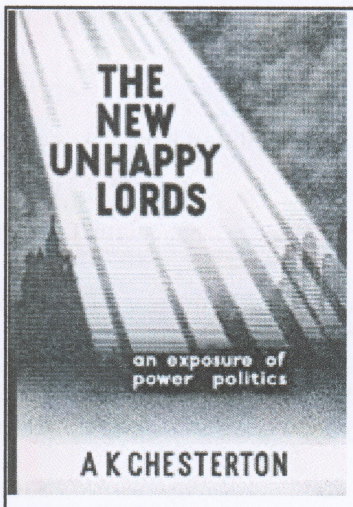

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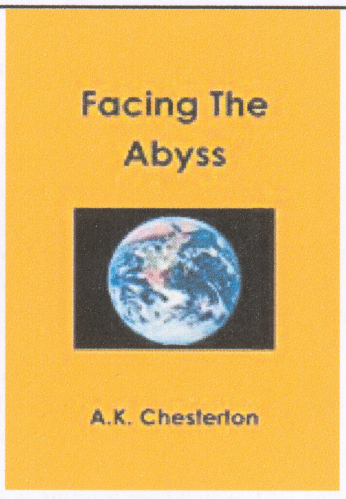

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